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Additional Tags:	excessive wording, a look from robin's point of view, testing out the waters here, literally ignore me, maybe ill continue this idk, Drabble, i hate first person it jsut came out that way, rating will probs change
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Tactician's Notebook

by acetactician

Summary

Nobody realizes that Robin's habits aren't the best for his well-being, not even himself.

Notes

figured id start postin here hueheuh. i need a lot of improvement definitely so dont even mind me

See the end of the work for more notes

The entire dark area was awash with a faint, eerie purple glow of the barrier separating us from those I knew as our comrades, and it was deathly silent.
“This is it, our final battle!” The conviction in Chrom’s words was clear, his voice unwavering, and the fight in his blue eyes as present as it ever was. I could smell him from our proximity and feel the heat of his body near mine.
The weight of his hand on my shoulder, and the sound of my name when he told me for the millionth time that “yes, Robin, you’re one of us, you’re no villain” hoping maybe this time I would believe it, and his determined nod as he looked at me and then ahead to the challenge that lay before us; it was all too real, yet I didn’t feel like it was actually happening.

The words spoken from our foe stick with me to this day. “You cannot unwrite what is already written.”

I remember a feeling unlike any I have ever had, the primal rage and the overwhelming desire of nothing more than to save my comrade even if it meant getting myself killed-- no one can convince me that my mind had the capability to conjure those raw feelings. And yet, the experience was not reality, nor was it a dream.
I almost felt as if I was expecting it when our supposedly slain adversary, with the last of his strength, formed a spell that should have been impossible in the state of which the caster was in, but it happened nonetheless, “This isn’t over” ringing with vengeance through the hall. It was like my next actions weren’t even considered; it was the most natural course of action in that moment, and all I hoped that was Chrom could forgive me for leaving.
Clear as day I can recall the immense agony that I felt the moment our foe’s dark magic pierce my skin, ripped up my insides, and pushed me backwards with such force bones must have broken upon impact with the stone floor. I could have sworn I was done for— and all at once something changed, like a switch was hit, then everything went dark.

I must not have been like that for very long, and what happened after that point remains somewhat like a blur except the sensations taking place in my mind and body.
Chrom’s face was panicked, but he must have seen my eyes open, because it relaxed almost immediately and the relief was evident in his voice. “Thanks to you, we carried the day.”
He pulled me up and I’m sure I would have been very conscious of how careful he was and how close we were standing if I wasn’t… gone, at that point.

The cracking and sizzling of an ancient lighting spell forming as I beckoned it like I had done the same thing hundreds of times before, except this time it had more purpose, more reason than any other; the acuteness to which I was conscious of the adrenaline coursing through my veins and the way my heart was thumping faster than any other heat-of-the-battle rushes; my mind and vision pulsing; more crackling, more sizzling, and the smell of something burnt bringing my features to pull back into a maniacal smile that I knew must have looked disgusting; and the look on Chrom's face as he fell ...the sadistic pleasure I derived from seeing his pale skin turn impossibly paler and his gasps of pain as I drove the electricity deep, deeper, felt it penetrate his ribs and damn it felt good-- all within moments--
Then I was back, disoriented from some sort of high, and I looked at the prince, then down to my gloved hand that still stung from the powerful magical charge, and I realized what I'd done but I didn’t feel anything except sheer accomplishment; the words "it's not your fault" being the last ones Chrom ever spoke to his friend and murderer.
I refuse to believe this hasn’t happened before, with the memory as crystal-clear as it is in my mind, and yet it’s impossible to say that it has happened. I met Chrom after I had that… what should I even refer to it as? Vision, memory, premonition? I wouldn’t dare tell anyone of it, even thinking about it too long myself scares me, if I’m being honest. I’ve never felt so manic, revolting in the relishment of whatever pleasure I’d derived from murdering my best friend in the cold blood-- and if that was really me, if that same person whose point of view I experienced it from was myself… it’s sickening to think about.
If it was a premonition, I know I should tell someone, and leave before I do anything. If my mind is capable of doing such a thing, who’s to say I’m not?
It’s not healthy for me to live with such a weighted thing on my mind almost constantly now. But I most definitely couldn’t tell Chrom. If I’m terrified of myself for something I’m not sure even happened and I was the one killing… how would the one I killed even begin to react?
I also understand that the consequences of not telling, even just as a precaution, could be devastating… I’ve been in many situations where I’ve needed to think on my feet, come up with split second decisions… but it seems with personal struggles, I’m not so brilliant.
I know this could affect the whole army. I know this could have probably just been some sort of strange nightmare. So why do I feel as if either way, I’m completely wrong? I’ve never been so at a loss of what to do before, and without even Chrom to put a word in as to what should be done, I’m absolutely distressed right now.

Perhaps I'll approach the subject after his wedding. I don't think I'd be able to stand it if he doesn't think of me the same afterwards, but this is the best thing to do. ...I think. I hope.

End Notes

yeaaaah first person bothers me, maybe ill come back to this (?) ill hopefully be posting other things that are easier to read later, thank you 4 checking this out ;w;

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